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[517] fatherhood. There are several exercises about regression on this score, and in one instance a mother and a half-grown son come to blows over the matter. It was the crisis around which crystallized a hostility still effective ten years later. An additional result of adult objections to an overlarge use of garden crops by children is that it very actually disrupts friendships between age-mates. Mangesa's autobiography (page 104) reveals the jealousy and rivalry that can develop between boys when the parents of one of them forbid foraging in their fields.

[517] These objections pave the way for the thieving in which play groups of boys frequently indulge. Klipada's autobiography (page 178) graphically presents distinctive instances. The whole system of feeding fosters one of the marked internalized emotions centering on theft and the fear of theft.

[178] [333] [429]

During this preadolescent play period boys may get occasional meals as guests. When a man visits a house on financial business, it is customary to set a calabash dish of food before him. Any little boys loitering about are invited to join him. They soon learn to watch themselves to see who seems to be setting out on business trips, and in this way they unobtrusively learn through descriptive processes a great deal about the role expected of them as adults. In addition, boys of approximately twelve years often attach themselves to young men whom they serve much in the manner of fags. The autobiographies stress this type of relationship in several instances, indicating that it is a source of education in cultural values, for favors or for wages, and that food is one of the important rewards for services rendered. The food quest is therefore a factor contributing to the acquisition of the skills expected of adult males.

[343] [378] [542] [543]

Still other sources of food are available to boys. They may form work groups (*dimi*) of from three to twelve age-mates who go to each other's fields in turn to cut down or pull out weeds. Usually such labor is done only during the season of heavy garden work preceding the rains and about two months after the rains have begun, when weeds are plentiful. These work groups parallel those of adults. As each closes, the mother acting as hostess for her child provides a midday meal of boiled corn and beans. Girls are more likely than boys to take part in such group work and so participate earlier in life. There definitely, hunger may motivate industry in children, and thereby a tendency may be set up that helps in part to explain the presence in the society of men who are enthusiastic gardeners despite the fact that horticulture is recognized as a predominantly female activity.

[817] [817] [817]

[817] During feasts the boys who help with the butchering are given some

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excursions. They love pieces of wood representing guns. They organize dances comparable to those of adults, in which they compose verses. This versifying provokes good-natured ridicule among their elders. In their play with bows and arrows boys learn skill in hunting. They even organize small wars between villages, in which they shoot blunt arrows, throw stones, and hurl obscene insults that cause adult ears would never use unless they were in an uncontrollable rage. The part boys play in cat hunting, house thatching, and comparable male activities is on a voluntary basis and is usually joyously entered into as long as they are in the mood for it.

In most instances, boys are not counted on to render valuable services. Not until they are thirteen or fourteen are they considered old enough to be sent on financial errands. It is a source of considerable pride at this age to be given these assignments, and most boys seem to carry them out willingly enough. However, in one instance that came to my notice this was not the case. Nicolas ordered a half brother to leave early the following morning for a village about a mile away to fetch a reward that had been promised him. When the boy failed to set out the following morning and seemed unwilling to go, Nicolas flew into a rage and began pursuing him with a length of lliana about as thick as his wrist. The boy stumbled and fell, whereupon Nicolas stood over him and beat him unmercifully. Although Nicolas' behavior was censured by the men present, none of them made any move to interfere. At last a distant blacksmith tried to drag the boy away from the rain of blows, but she did not try to stop Nicolas himself. Again there is the picture of restrictive discipline, sometimes brutal in quality, but no attempt to train the young through permissive attitudes.

On the whole, my impression is that children, in their curiosity and eagerness about the life around them, more often than not participate in adult activities. Depending on their effectiveness in a particular situation, they are either utilized or driven off. From the adult's viewpoint, children are welcome when useful, ignored when not, and chased away when confusingly obtrusive.

Children are held responsible for their misdeeds, however. One dramatic case of this sort is worth repeating in some detail. The hero-victim of the episode was a boy about thirteen who was generally known by his nickname, Red Eyes—a name that is about the equivalent of our "Spitfire." Red Eyes was the ringleader of a play group of boys whose ages ranged from about seven to fifteen years. The chieftain had a guest in his household who happened to stroll past the place where the boys were playing. For no determinable reason Red Eyes

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sounds to sleep with him. When a young man ties up his long hair and walks with bells on his basket, women watch until he has passed by, and then they say, 'Isn't that a fine man!' and begin to hoot. If he wears a big white shawl from the coast, women will say, 'There goes my white chicken!' and then they hoot. The young man feels glad but also a little ashamed. Also, when a young man begins to vocalize at a dance and his voice rings out clear and strong, the next day the women will say, 'Don't we have a fine man in our village!' and then they will hoot. When there is a dance, the young man will hunt for areca and betel the day before so as to fill up his basket. When he reaches the dance place on the night of the dance, all the young women will crowd around him and hold out their hands for areca. If one woman comes back again and again for more areca, it is a sign that they already want each other, and soon they will go off and make an agreement. Then the girl says he must go find her bride-price."

This comment sets, better than any outsider could, the pattern of masculine vanity, which often persists through life and which is recognized as a male trait. Consistent with this newly developed swagger, other changes occur in young men's lives. In the course of a few months they break away from the irresponsible free-roving play groups of growing boys and become far more solitary and sedentary. They imitate the indolence of older wealthy men. At the same time, they begin to speculate about the possibilities and the means for entering the financial system of the adults and about ways of ingratiating themselves with men of influence who may be of assistance to them. The whole question of entering financial activities will be discussed presently in connection with marriage.

One significant detail concerning food should be noted in connection with the coming of age in boys. The picture so far of the development of masculine vanity and the good-natured teasing that it involves is thoroughly familiar to us. There is another and comparable source of teasing. Boys who are beginning to show open interest in girls and to visit the village of someone they find attractive will be teased by older people with comments like the following, "Padama has gone to visit his wife in Kerieta. When boys grow up, the food their mother cooks no longer tastes good. They have to go to the house of a young woman to eat." This kind of teasing makes the younger boys squirm with embarrassment much as it would in our society. A few years later a young man will insist on a midday meal, even if he has to cook it himself, as a symbol of the adult status he is struggling to acquire. The extent to which food and cooking ideas can be limited is also exemplified in the follow-

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OFS So far the discussion of marriage has stressed in large part social factors, their possible repercussions on behavior, and their relationship to personality formations. It may be pertinent at this point to insert certain information on the Atimelangers' more intimate sex behavior and their ideas of procreation.

● §31 It is very common for groups of young people, who are beginning
5/1 to take gardening seriously, to congregate in field houses and live together more or less continuously for days or months at a time. This is an accentuation of "playing house" among children. Sometimes an older woman or a married couple is the nucleus of such a group, sometimes a pair of young girls or an orphaned boy. Although everyone vigorously
[32] denies that "irregular" sexual relations occur under these circumstances, it is perfectly obvious from the autobiographies that they sometimes do. Strict parents usually insist that their daughters return to the family home at night. The absence from the home at nightfall of young or adult men is rarely questioned, but the absence of women and children often leads to a shouted inquiry as to their whereabouts. It is one of the frequent sounds that echoes across the valley as people settle down in their houses after sunset.

§32 Intercourse is solicited of young women by touching their breasts. A common euphemism for intercourse is "to pull a girl's breasts," since it is supposed that no woman can avoid being aroused by such a caress or would be able to resist a man who approached her in this fashion. Opportunities for this sort of approach are offered at dances and in the roughhousing that occurs among young people when they are away from their elders. In describing this situation one young man said, "Our hands move about at random and touch a girl's breast. That makes her spirit fly away, and she has to sleep with a man." If what has been said about early childhood experiences and about the role women are expected to play is correct, it is not surprising that most erogenous feeling
[31] centers on women's breasts. For a woman to touch a man's genitals is considered completely shameless. A less drastic form of soliciting intercourse is to tug at either a man's or a woman's hand. In marriage people usually wait until they think everyone else in the living room is asleep.
§33 Then either partner may indicate desire by giving his spouse a short, tugging pat anywhere on the body. The woman is supposed to remove her loincloth, since the contact with it would be distasteful to the man.

The position in intercourse is ventroventral with the woman below or with both partners on their sides. Any other position is considered
[34] rather nasty. In fact, one divorce was partly precipitated, according to the wife, by her husband's demands for the dorsoventral position. One

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brother to get his. Arapada got five ladies. Then Sesiaka wanted to hit me, but Alurkumma came and stood up for me. [Question revealed that he did not know the exact relationship of Alurkumma, only that he was of the same lineage and that he called him younger uncle. Rilpada was very vague about all his kinship ties because his father had been adopted into the Mangbisisa lineage.] So Sesiaka struck Alurkumma five times. Then Sesiaka said, "Next time you can steal from other people but not from me. I am your grandfather [classificatory]. You can take my greens, but if you are hungry and want anything else, ask me first and I'll give it to you. To come at night and take things is stealing. For this I punished you."

Once when I was about sixteen or seventeen, many of the young girls from Dikimpe had a field house in which they were sleeping together. They spoke to the young men, saying, "You men go hunt rats and we will cook bean cones. We will play tarot [the name for children's mock feasts]." So we went to hunt rats and the girls cooked bean cones. We were running below Old Dikimpe when a green snake bit the back of my neck. I felt dizzy and fell down. Blood came out of my nose. Lakumma carried me to the village. The others ate the rats and bean cones while I slept in the house. The girls brought me three coconut dishes of raw beans.

When I was still small, maybe ten years old, many girls were dancing and playing at Fubiang. The boys all went there to join them. The girls said, "Make a dance place." So we all leveled off the ground to make a dance place. The girls said, "Now we must dance for a human head and today we shall pay for it." So we took a dry banana stalk, made a bundle of it, and said it was a human head. We switched it back and forth and the boys and girls all danced challenge and beat it with sticks. Then the girls said, "That is taboo, so go throw it away." So we shouted defiance [*mabeina*] and threw the [mock] head away into the ravine. When we came back the girls said, "Now we shall feed the others." They cooked and used banana leaves as serving plates. We ate and then we gave a dance. We danced almost all night. Manifani, who was chief, came with a switch and drove us away because we were making so much noise he could not hear the case he was judging. He tried to hit us but we all ran away. He set fire to our playhouse. We all went to our own houses to sleep.

I was about six or seven when Manikaliets fed his wealth-bringing spirit [*nova*]. I wanted to go to my garden, which adjoined his. Manikaliets asked me to come out with him. He said his guests were near.

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[39] I and Fanmuni went to set them. Manikalaba answered [i.e., sacrificed to] his own carving. Then he went back to the village. Fanmuni said to me, "Elder brother, let us go fetch the rice that Manikalaba left on his own altar and go feed a stone so we shall be lucky in hunting rats." Fanmuni went up first. I said, "This isn't right; we have already eaten rice and gone for the feast." But Fanmuni said, "No, come on." We went to Fahiang with the rice and answered it on a big stone there, saying, "If you are really a person, give us luck in hunting rats." After that we went to hunt for them. But we didn't do it right. We only knocked down a small stone pile and shot lizards. We made believe they were rats. Just then Fankalaba came along. He was angry with us for what we had done. He said, "You are like witches who eat snakes." [Lizards and snakes are one category.] He chased us and hit us. I ran up and Fanmuni ran down the hill. He caught Fanmuni and hit him, but he did not catch me. [Fankalaba was Fanmuni's paternal grandfather.] When I went home father had already heard what we had done. He asked why we had taken that rice and answered a stone that didn't have a name [i.e., was not sacred]. He hit me with a rattan switch.

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Once when I was about sixteen or seventeen, I went to Pantaiwi to get some areca. I took Fankalu's, so he chased me and hit me. I wasn't wounded but I cried and cried all the way back to Dikiangu, where I went to call my friends. I said the people at Atimelang had hit me, and we had better go wage war on the Atimelang boys. So all the Dikiangu [83] boys gathered. We met the Atimelang boys at the ravine. They all had shields made of bamboo. We met and fought. There were a lot of Atimelang people, so we all went back to Dikiangu to get four more supporters. Then we came back and fought some more. We chased the Atimelang people to Hamimberka. I came and saw Fankalu, who had struck me. I grabbed him and we tumbled together down into the ravine. Fankalu's face was wounded by a stone on which he fell, and I hit my elbow on one too. Then my father came along and said we must not fight, because we were related; we were father and son to each other. Father hit me and Fankalu for fighting. That evening Fankalu called to me and said, "Since we have fought we had better make up, so come to my garden and hunt rats." We went to his garden and each of us caught a rat. We broke off young corn and roasted it and the rats. We said we had better exchange rats as a token of friendship. We were in the field house of Pedakelang of Atimelang and he sat between

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week. He said that for the first days it would be light, and during that[illegible] time women must gather wood, but after that it would be dark. I asked, "If it is dark when the officials come, how will they get along?" My friend said, "When it is dark, people must always go in pairs. When women go to fetch water, they must go along with someone else [as formerly in days of warfare]. If they don't, the souls of the dead will detain them." I asked what would happen after it had got dark, and he did. "In time it will be light again; then an earthquake will come. After the earthquake you will see a large lamp hanging in mid-air. Thereafter the earth will be good again." [When Mahlako talked with his spirit friend, he stood on the down place in front of the special house he had built. He heard the voice of the spirit in the house but did not see him.]

When I was about fourteen years old, people were waging war. If father or mother went to Likoweneng to market or went to work in the fields, I stayed home and took care of my younger siblings. I stayed in the house with them all the time to guard them and cook for them. When mother and father went to work, I took cassava, pounded it, [p.52] took out the fibers, and pounded it again. I fetched water. When my mother returned she had only to cook.

When I was about sixteen, I started field work. I joined my friends in work groups [sotsi]. Our mothers would cook for us. Young boys [p. 74] and girls worked together. We worked, fought, played, and pulled each [p. 8] other. The older people saw that we did not work and that we thought only of playing and fighting. We told them that we worked before we started playing, but really we used to get lazy and just play. This went on all year until it was time to cut weeds again. Because we were young, we would cut only one or two fields and then play. When rain began to fall, we finally cleaned up our fields. We planted our own fields before we planted those of our elders. We weeded our own fields before we weeded those of our elders. They said, "Perhaps you are going to eat food only from your fields!" After that we all went and helped our elders. Then we began to raise pigs and chickens in partnership with people. But when they were half grown, our elders took them and roasted them, giving us only little ears in exchange. Since our elders took our pigs all the time, we didn't care to raise them any more; we just went to play instead. We gave up raising pigs.

When we were still older, father said, "We don't need your pigs any more. You had better raise some and buy guns and cattle for your bride-price with them."

When I was about sixteen, I worked with a group [sotsi]. When

[52] knuckles, and then I would feed her. [Why did she cry?] She cried because she was hungry. [This and the departure of the mother are stock explanations for children's crying.] Once we went to dig tubers with mother. Mahlome cried, so I carried her home, learned to light a fire, cooked, and fed her.

Once when mother and father were both gone, I cooked sweet potatoes in one pot and vegetables in another and set them aside for them. When the family came home their food was ready. I was just beginning to cook them. I was eight or ten. If mother did not leave food, she would tell me to dig tubers. This I would do, and then I would prepare food for the family. At this age I was doing comparatively little work in [53] the fields with my playmates, but I always took Mahlome along and she played behind us in the fields. One day it was raining hard, so we decided to stay home and play all day. Then in a year we were big [actually about ten or twelve].

[Were you glad to grow up?] We used to say, "Now we are grown up and we have much work to do. It would be better if we were always children. When we were still small, we played like that [referring [54] to six-year-olds]." When I was about thirteen or fourteen [probably younger] the young men all used to say they would buy me. Fanlang said once, "This girl had better come to stay in our house." I asked him if he had a bride-price, and he answered that they had to make a feast, [55] after which I had better marry his "father," Likum. Then Fanlang [56] asked me to inquire whether Maringlang wanted to marry him. I went to speak to Maringlang, and she said, "Good, that is fine. We shall live all in one house." At this time Likum had already asked Fanlang to act as his go-between. Fanlang and Likum lived in one house. Maringlang and I were friends. At this time I was still small and had not slept with any man. There has been only Likum. When father fed his sacred hearth, Likum brought a pig, and within the month I went to stay in his house. Fanlang also married Maringlang, but later they were divorced.

[57] [Can you remember the first quarrel with your husband?] Likum and Holangmai's husband were off to dun someone for a debt. There was a dance at Ruinmang, and our husbands did not want to go. I and Holangmai went. The next morning our husbands came home and found us asleep on the verandah. They hit us because we had thus secretly gone off to the dance. They were angry that we had gone without asking them. [It was proper for a wife to have her husband's permission [58] before going to a dance.]